Eleven VS IT by BrenRome

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Summary: Birthday Present for Rurrlock-God of Power. (Set between Seasons 1 & 2 of Stranger Things). When Eleven tries to use her powers to contact Mike, she ends up accidently making contact with a powerful entity that engages her in a battle that will push her abilities to their limits. (I own NOTHING. This is for FAN-Purposes ONLY so PLEASE don't sue!)

Eleven VS IT

Hi again, everyone! Here we are with another birthday present for my best buddy, Rurrlock-God of Power! Anyways, this time we're doing another crossover fic between two great franchises; Stranger Things and IT. Before anyone asks; yes I saw Season 3 of Stranger Things and it was AWESOME. I really enjoyed the 80's references that didn't linger on forever (take notes, Hollywood) especially that of a certain time-traveling movie that I hold very near and dear to my heart. I also enjoyed IT Chapter 2 despite not including a lot more from the book, but I'm forgiving because at least it kept me entertained. Truth be told, I'd rather be entertained than watch a film that does nothing for me. Anyways, I thought of this little crossover a few years ago and here's where we are now. Hope you all enjoy! As always, I own NOTHING. This is for fan-purposes ONLY so please don't sue!

Hawkins, Indiana

July, 1984

Jim Hopper looked over the list that was handed to him by the curly-haired girl. Typical stuff a kid would want, mainly junk food (especially on the Eggos), but with some encouragement and co-operation with him, she'd made her list of groceries.

"So…" Jim said, "Eggos and deserts are a priority I know, but on the other stuff we have water, eggs, green beans, soup, bread rolls, salmon, cranberry juice, regular bread rolls, milk, and cranberry juice."

He looked at her.

"And that's all good with you?"

The girl nodded.

"Okay." Jim acknowledged, "Then I'll go out and get it."

Eleven nodded, but Jim could tell what was on her mind. To the rest of the world that really knew what happened in Hawkins about a year ago (save for Jim), Eleven had disappeared into the Upside Down never to be seen again. But the status quo needed to stay that way. He didn't like it any more than she did, but if the Shady Scientists found out she was here, god-only-knew what they'd do to her. No, Jim needed to build their trust. He was still Chief of Police, and with any luck, it would all close eventually and the scientists would move on out as soon as they were sure that nothing remained here for them.

"Look, Kid." Jim assured, "How about this; tonight I'll let you assist me with cooking."

"Cook-ing?" Eleven asked, trying to grasp the concept.

"Yeah, cooking." Jim explained, "I'll let you help me prepare dinner. I don't know a lot of adults who'd let their kids do that, but uh…I guess we're kind of an exception, aren't we?"

He flashed a silly happy face and Eleven snorted a bit. Jim nodded and ruffled her hair playfully.

"Okay." He said, "Remember the rules; stay here, stay safe, and DON'T answer unless it's me."

"Understood." Eleven nodded.

Jim nodded and left the house. Once she figured that he had been gone long enough, Eleven went into her bedroom and took out a small blindfold. Hopper would hate this, but she felt she had to. Besides, it wasn't like she was physically going out to see Mike. But try and make some contact with him if possible.

Wrapping it around her eyes, she focused and concentrated hard. She found herself in the same black void with which she could communicate with just about anything. If she had a sleep deprivation tank (even one as crude as the one they'd built to find Will after his vanishing), then she could view what was happening back in that other plane of reality appropriately known as the Upside Down. But obviously Eleven didn't want to go back there ever again.

As she focused, something suddenly seemed off. She could feel something. It felt cold, and chilling. Then a smell. Something that had a nasty scent of water similar to when Hopper would fix the toilet in the cabin. And…Cotton Candy & Popcorn? She could've sworn she heard children singing, but it was just quiet enough that she couldn't make out the lyrics.

Suddenly, Eleven was grabbed by the arms. Looking around her, she suddenly realized that she was back in the Hawkins Lab. Two very muscular men in white shirts, pants, and shoes held her arms as she kicked into the air violently. No matter how hard she tried, she could not escape. Then a thought occurred to her. This couldn't be right! It was like she was suddenly transported back to the lab from where she was. Furthermore, she couldn't interact while using her telepathic abilities. Looking down, she realized she was wearing her polka-dotted-gown that she'd worn whilst in the lab. This only supported her case that this couldn't be happening since it would mean that someone would've had to change her back into these clothes, and she would've DEFINITELY remembered that.

"Oh, Eleven." A voice all-too-familiar spoke to her, "You really should learn to control yourself more."

Her heart stopped beating for a second. She looked up to see an older gentleman dressed in a business suit with white hair.

"Papa?" Eleven asked, shaking her head, "NO! YOU'RE DEAD!"

It was true, Martin Brenner, her surrogate father and the man who had ran this facility, had died the previous year. When he attempted to recover Eleven from the school, the Demogorgon had caught him off-guard and had reportedly murdered him. This was of course, from what Hopper had managed to piece together after he talked with the others who had been at the school that night as well as the officials from the lab.

"Am I?" He asked with a smirk.

The guards put her into the familiar padded room as Martin closed the door behind them. Eleven pushed past him and tried to open the door, but for some reason it would not budge.

"Eleven, I must continue to learn about you and your gifts." Brenner insisted, "Tell you what; I'll give you a gift if you behave. Would you like a balloon?"

Eleven stopped.

"What?" She asked.

She turned around and gasped. Where Brenner had once stood, there was now a horrifying figure. He was dressed in a grey suit covered in frills with two red pom-poms on his chest and feet. He had oversized gloves on his hands, but his face…his face was another story. The face this creature wore was pale white skin which had red tufts on either side of his head. His nose was a bright red circle and his eyes were a menacing yellow. His red lips opened revealing a set of multiple razor sharp teeth.

"You'll love balloons, Elvie!" The creature assured in a menacing laugh, "They float! They all float! And when you're with me…YOU'LL FLOAT TOO!"

He lunged at her, but Eleven simply pushed him back with a telekinetic blast. The creature hit the opposite wall upon which it shattered like glass and the whole room did as well, leaving Eleven once again in utter darkness. Eleven took a defensive stance, readying herself. Then she heard the splish-splash of footsteps running behind her. She turned to see the creature lunging at her, jaws full of razor-sharp teeth. She concentrated hard and held the creature in place. Focusing her power, she then sliced the creature's right arm off. She watched as it cried in pain, first like a wounded animal and then like a hurt child. Then the cries turned to chuckles, as the creature knocked his head back-and-forth in amusement before slipping back into the darkness, clutching its right arm with the left hand.

"I'm impressed." The creature's voice said seemingly from everywhere and nowhere, "When I sensed you, I knew you were powerful. Someone who can reach across the world like that should be a lot of fun to digest even if from a mental plane. But you're still a child while I am eternal."

"You're a mouthbreather!" Eleven called, "You will go away!"

"You still think you can take me, kid?!" The creature laughed, "You are funny! I have been a part of a larger world and seen many sights. Here, I'll give you a couple!"

The landscape suddenly began to shift. Black turned to orange, then gold, then red, then peach and so forth. All these strange colors began dripping like fresh paint on a canvas. Eventually, it all snapped into place and Eleven found herself somewhere else entirely. When the disorientation ended, she was standing in a long hallway adorned with photographs of various locations. A couple of couches were propped against the wall as were a few potted plants. As Eleven tried to get her bearings, someone suddenly passed through her as if she were a ghost. Curious, Eleven walked forward and sure enough passed through him. Taking a moment to catch herself after the strange ordeal, she inspected the newcomer. He was an elderly African American man dressed in a winter coat and boots along with a red wool hat.

"Hello?" He asked, not noticing Eleven standing before him.

The man walked towards a hallway and Eleven followed close behind.

"Anybody here?" He asked, continuing down the long hallway, "Hello?"

He kept calling out for someone to no avail. As she followed, Eleven had a sudden foreboding feeling that something bad was going to happen to this man.

Then it happened.

Just as the man approached a pillar, a newcomer popped out from around the corner wielding an axe. He looked to be around Hopper's age, and nearly looked like him save for a few differences. For one, his hair and beard was a lot thinner than Jim's was. He also didn't dress like Hopper who seemed to prefer non-patterned clothes unlike the man wearing a blue-and-white striped shirt underneath the red overcoat. The man laughed and jumped up and down as the axe impacted into his victim whom Eleven had been following. She screamed loudly in horror. She had seen her fair share of terror, but

her experience seeing another human kill one of their own had only been limited to when she first escaped from the Hawkins Lab. Even when she fought back against the bad men, she had made sure to restrain her power, not wanting to have any blood on her hands. As she screamed, she could've sworn that she heard the sound of a child screaming too.

As the man in the winter coat went down, the attacker slowly rose looking at her with very threatening eyes.

"You." The man pointed out, raising his eyebrows in a mocking manner, "You're with Dickie, ain't ya?"

Eleven backed up afraid.

"Yeah." The man said, taking a step forward as Eleven suddenly realized he could see her, "Probably a friend of Danny's from school. Well, I can take you to Danny. Would you like that? We'll go to the circus together. It'll be fun. Just take my hand…"

Eleven focused and pushed the man back into a large photograph on the far side of the hallway. There was a sickening snap as the man fell leaving a crack in the photograph. Eleven took a few steps forward, but stopped as the man got up. His face was suddenly chalk-white and his lips ruby red.

"I told you before," He acknowledged, "You can't hurt me, you precious thing. I am older than everything that you know of."

He got up taking a few steps forward as his hair started to retract and turn red. Eleven backed up worriedly.

"I know your greatest fears," The man said, slowly turning back into the demented figure that was now confronting her, "I know your hopes. I know your… obsessions."

As the figure snapped back into place, Eleven tried running again only trip and fall as the world spun around her. Once again, it locked back into place as Eleven now found herself in a bedroom not-too-different from the one that was her current residence back home. However, this room seemed much cozier, almost reminding her of

Mike's home when she'd stayed with him. She also noted that the bed in the room had an occupant. A man with thinning curly brown hair whose face was filled with cuts, yet they seemed to be almost healed. Suddenly, the door swung open revealing a woman probably a few years younger than him. She was hefty, but not downright fat. She had beautiful shoulder-length silky brown hair, but her face was one of pure hatred as she stared the man down.

"You…" She declared towards the man, "You dirty bird. How could you? She can't be dead. Misery Chastain cannot be dead!"

The man looked worried, but quickly adopted a sympathetic look, before speaking.

"Annie." He said in a pleading voice, "In 1871 women often died in childbirth. But her spirit is the important thing and Misery's spirit is still alive."

The woman looked as though he had just jumped up, squatted down, and done a #2 on the bed. With a sudden rage, she grabbed the front of the bed and began shaking it like a caged animal.

"I DON'T WANT HER DEAD!" She screamed, "I WANT HER! AND YOU MURDERED HER!"

"No…" The man protested in pain, "I didn't…"

"WHO DID?!" Annie demanded.

"No one." The man answered, "She died… she just… slipped away."

"SLIPPED AWAY?!" Annie repeated, clearly not taking the words kindly, "SLIPPED AWAY?!"

She turned around, breaking her concentration on him.

"SHE DIDN'T JUST SLIP AWAY!" Annie insisted, grabbing a nearby table with a plant on it. She picked it up quickly allowing the plant to fall and break, the turtle-patterned vase breaking on the ground behind her which released a murky red water from inside.

"YOU DID IT!" She told the man looking at him with a fury unlike

anything Eleven had seen before, raising the table over his body as he lifted a hand weakly as though he hoped to block her attack, "YOU DID IT! YOU DID IT! YOU DID IT! YOU MURDERED MY MISERY!"

"Annie…Annie, please!" The man pleaded.

The woman paused and then simply threw the table into the wall as it broke upon impact. She stared down at him as though she were very disappointed.

"I thought you were good, Paul." She admitted, "But you're not good. You're just another lying dirty birdie. And I don't think I'd better be around you for a while."

Eleven had heard enough. From what she could gather even if this man did kill this 'Misery' who the large woman was referring to, she was physically assaulting him as he was defenseless. Eleven brought her hand up and the large woman went flying across the room until she slammed into a wall hard. The woman screamed in pain at first as Eleven held her firmly in place.

Then the woman began laughing. Eleven tilted her head confused as the woman took a deep breath in. Then she projected a force of blood from her mouth which sent Eleven flying backwards as well. She crashed through the wall and ended up on the ground with a thud.

As she regained her bearings, she began to smell something burning. Looking up, she now found herself in the middle of a gymnasium similar to the Hawkins Middle School Gym where she'd been about a year ago. But this place was now on fire and people were getting killed left-and-right. Wires were flying around, and scaffolding was thrown into poor unfortunate victims, killing them instantly. Eleven's eyes fell on the stage. Behind was a banner which read 'SENIOR PROM 1974' and on the stage was a woman probably a few years older than Eleven wearing a dress and crown now soaked head-to-toe in blood. The girl's eyes were frantic, darting around everywhere with a look of hate and malice.

Once again, Eleven tried to telekinetically shove the girl back seeing as how the massacre was somehow her doing, but then felt a force tightening around her throat. She looked down and saw that there

was nothing there and yet her throat was being crushed.

"You're laughing at me too, aren't you?!" The blood-soaked girl shouted at Eleven, "You're laughing at me like all the rest?! You think this is funny?! DO YOU?!"

The girl pushed Eleven into a wall where a couple of loose wires fluttered about. Eleven watched as the girl motioned to a nearby fire hose which began spraying her and then Eleven felt her body crackling. She never thought such pain was possible. Even with everything Brenner had put her through. Still, Eleven was not going to go down so easily. Gritting her teeth, Eleven looked above the blood-soaked girl at the lights above her. Using all her strength, Eleven brought the lights down hard. The girl didn't notice until it was too late, the lighting crushing her body instantly. Eleven was released as the pain stopped.

Eleven took a few deep breaths but turned around only to discover a mountain full of dead kids. She gasped in horror at seeing so much death all at once. Then she took notice of a few of the bodies flying in the air. Somehow, her education that she learned under Hopper had seemed to be all for naught given that things that seemed impossible were happening before her eyes. As Eleven tried to think about her next action, she heard a familiar voice.

"Step right up, Eleven!" The Clown's voice, "Step right up! Come change! Come float! You'll laugh, you'll cry! You'll cheer, you'll die! Introducing Pennywise the Dancing Clown!"

There were a few minutes of silence, before a ring of fire surrounded Eleven. When the fire died down, there was a carnival song playing from seemingly everywhere and yet nowhere. There were also now multiple versions of the clown surrounding her. The clowns then began dancing sticking their right foot out to the side and then their left, repeating the action as their hands went up and down. Eleven had enough and used her power to push a couple away, clearing a path for her. Unfortunately, Eleven suddenly felt herself fall. Looking back, she noticed the clown clutching her foot laughing manically. The clown proceeded to pretend to take a nibble from her foot, all the while laughing. Eleven tried using her power, but for some reason, it was having no effect on the clown.

"Am I not real enough for you, Eleven?" He asked, mocking a saddened tone.

His eyes grew more sinister as he grinned.

"I will be." He told her darkly.

With that, his mouth opened up, peeling backwards not unlike the Demogorgon. However, Eleven saw three lights in there.

What she saw was horrifying.

What she saw made her entire body feel limp, and her head lightened.

It was all consuming.

It…

IT…

Suddenly, Eleven found herself in a white surrounding. There was nothing there except herself and the white area.

"Hello." A slow voice greeted.

Suddenly, a truly bizarre sight appeared before Eleven. It was a turtle with a number of elephants standing on it's shell. Atop the elephants was a flattened version of the Earth.

"H...hello?" Eleven asked, cautiously.

"It is all right, child." The Turtle said with the voice she had just heard, "I am here to help. I heard you screaming and it woke me from my nap. No need to worry. I don't do much these days."

"Help?" Eleven asked.

"You must defeat the creature yourself." The Turtle told her, "I cannot get involved in this affair. But I will tell you this; this creature… it is only your fear. He has no physical form. As long as he is nothing to you, he will not harm you, and then you can take care of him."

"He's…a mouthbreather?" Eleven asked.

"I was going to say, 'he is nothing.'" The Turtle admitted, "But mouthbreather works just as well. He is so long as you believe him to be."

Eleven stood up. She now understood the monster's weakness. Belief.

"Thank you." She acknowledged.

"You're quite welcome." The Turtle replied, "But please do me a favor and promise not to try and reach too far with your powers, next time."

"Promise." Eleven swore.

Promises were always important to her. Mike had taught her that when she stayed with him. Besides, this Turtle seemed friendly enough.

"Good." The Turtle said, vanishing.

Eleven suddenly felt a jolt and saw the clown with his mouth around her head.

"MOUTHBREATHER!" She screamed, believing with all of her might that was what this creature was.

The clown stopped and reverted to normal, his mouth retracting and releasing Eleven with her head still intact.

"W…what?!" He asked.

"MOUTHBREATHER!" Eleven screamed.

Suddenly, the clown began to shrink.

"What are you doing?!" He asked.

"MOUTHBREATHER!" Eleven repeated.

With each scream from her mouth, her belief grew stronger and the clown continued to shrink. Eleven kept her belief and shouting him

to be a mouthbreather as he kept getting smaller.

"No…please no!" The clown begged, "Don't do this to me! No, please! Be afraid! You're afraid of me!"

"MOUTHBREATHER!" Eleven repeated.

Now the clown was tiny. About the size of an ant. The clown tried to run only for Eleven to lift her foot and then crush him under her shoe. There was a squeal like that of a dying creature as Eleven slid her foot back and forth for good measure.

"Mouthbreather." She repeated one final time.

Suddenly, she felt very light-headed and fell to the ground.

…

"C'mon, kid!" She heard Hopper beg, "Please don't do this to me!"

Eleven groaned and suddenly saw herself still in the cabin. Her mind was a bit fuzzy. She remembered that she had been trying to reach Mike, but after that…nothing. She couldn't remember a thing. She then realized Hopper was shaking her and stopped when she was fully consciously.

"Oh, thank god." Hopper breathed relieved, "What the hell happened?!"

"What…?" Eleven asked.

"I came back and you were asleep, but rolling on the floor like that film I saw years ago about the possessed kid." Hopper explained, "What's the last thing you remember?"

"I was watching TV," Eleven half-lied, "Then…darkness."

Hopper looked her over and then gave her a serious stern look before he asked a question.

"How many scoops of Ice Cream did you have last night?" He questioned.

Eleven thought long and hard.

"One…" She guessed, "Or two…"

"It was three." Hopper corrected.

The two paused and then laughed. Eleven chalked up whatever happened was either from too much ice cream the previous night, or from attempting to contact Mike. However, somewhere deep down, it felt like Eleven had gone through something much more serious. Though it must not have been important if she didn't remember it.

"It's fine, kiddo." He assured, ruffling her hair, "I'm a sucker for Ice Cream as well. But I got the stuff and I got a nice movie to watch."

He pulled out a VHS Tape Box featuring some interesting creatures on the cover along with a title in a font similar to that of Mike's Dungeons & Dragons Box reading 'The Dark Crystal.'

"Now, I was told this was a pretty interesting fantasy family film." Hopper explained, "So perhaps after dinner we'll sit down and watch this together."

Eleven smiled.

"Yes." She answered.

"That's good." Hopper grinned, "Because I still need to prep with you for cooking tonight!"

Hope you all enjoyed that as much as I did writing this little tale. Let me know if you caught the other Stephen King references as well. And Happy Birthday, Rurrlock! Once again, I own NOTHING. This is for fan-purposes ONLY so please don't sue!